



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

to w, contains some very careful details, patiently studied.

No. 300. "Cherries," by Miss V. Granberry. Well arranged and carefully painted.

No. 305. "In Memoriam," by Mr. W. J. Hennessy, falls far below the gentleman's best picture. We notice in Mr. Hennessy's pictures this year that he is beginning to ignore the existence of eyes in the human head, a practice which has become quite common with some figure-painters of late, and of which we shall have more to say presently.

No. 309. "Portrait," by Mr. F. Angero. A very fine portrait, good both in drawing and color.

No. 312. "The last of the Ice," by Mr. C. G. Griswold. We should not have noticed this picture, had not our attention been particularly called to it by many very favorable comments. We are always sorry to disparage the works of a young artist, but it would, perhaps, be better for Mr. Griswold if some of the faults of this picture were presented to his notice. In the first place, it shows a great want of patient study and labor; it does not represent truthfully either fog, rain, mist, or any other known condition of the atmosphere; it contains no color whatever, and impresses us with no sentiment whatever—it is simply gray paint. Mr. Griswold might study with advantage Mr. Kensett's picture of "Lake George" (234), which has been hung as a pendant to his own, and in which he will see what may be done with gray tones by the hand of a master.

R. S.

DRAMATIC REVIEW.

On Monday night of last week "David Copperfield" was produced at the Olympic, and made a decided "hit." The dramatization is by Mr. Rowe, who has succeeded in making it a highly interesting and amusing play, and if his "Our Mutual Friend," which is shortly to be produced at this theater, is but as good, it will, without doubt, create a sensation. Mr. Rowe's performance of Micawber is not as good as his dramatization of the play. The late Mr. Burton's performance of this part is too fresh in the minds of of theater-goers for them to be satisfied with anything which does not come up to that most admirable piece of character acting. This Mr. Rowe does not do. The part is funny, to a certain extent, and the make up is excellent; but then the broad, genial humor with which Burton was wont to invest it is wanting. Notwithstanding all this, there are, however, good points in the performance, and Mr. Rowe has probably improved upon it since the first evening, when his anxiety as author, and several hitches which occurred during the evening, threw him off his balance considerably.

The two great successes of the play are Mr. Stoddard's Uriah Heap and Mr. Morton's Ham—the low, fawning scoundrel, and the bluff, honest fisherman—are drawn to the life. It is positively delightful to see two such thoroughly natural pieces of acting.

Of the other characters in the play, little need be said. Miss Eliza Newton's Mrs. Micawber is funny, but over-drawn; Miss Kate Newton's Emily is very sweetly and naturally played; Mr. Studley's Peggotty is good in many respects, and very bad in others; if this gentleman would only get over his blood and thunder melodramatic proclivities, he would make a most excellent actor. I would beg to suggest to Messrs. Boniface and

Garrison that Steerforth and David Copperfield were both supposed to be gentlemen, and as such it is to be imagined that they would dress as gentlemen, and not as Bovey "b'hoys."

Mrs. John Wood took her farewell benefit at the Olympic last Friday night, and it is needless to say that the house was crowded to overflowing with her many admirers. Mrs. Wood is an actress whom it is next to impossible to replace on the New York stage. Full of life, vivacity and humor, she irresistibly attracted every one toward her, and to see her in burlesque was about as near the perfection of human happiness and delight as it is possible to get.

"She was a lady,
Take her all in all, I ne'er shall look upon her like again."

But "every dark cloud has its bright silver lining," the silver lining in this case is the hope that she may shortly return to delight us once more with the sight of her merry, laughing face. That happiness and prosperity may be her handmaidens wherever she may go, is the devout wish of

SHUGGE.

REGINA.

BY HENRY C. WATSON.

O wealth of lustrous raven hair,
O eyes so deeply, darkly blue,
O lips that shame the sunset's red,
O cheeks that wear the peach-like hue!
O voice so tender, clear and low,
It seems some dove's soft cooing song
In music-murmurs to her mate,
The cool, green, shady trees among.

O form so round, so full, so dear,
Yet slender as the graceful fawn;
So supple in its tender lines,
By Nature's cunning finger drawn:
So lithe, that ev'ry movement seems
As instinct with poetic flow;—
A sensuous charm, yet free from earth
As angel's foot-prints in the snow.

O rich young heart! O golden prize!
O unexplored, yet priceless mine!
Whose worth 's untold and all unknown,
Whose hidden wealth, who shall divine?
For him alone the prize should be,
Who brings as offerings to thy shrine,
Unsuited honor, perfect faith,
And heart as fresh and pure as thine.

I know not if this wealth of love,
My torn heart poureth out to thee,
Shall win thy dower of beauty rare—
Unlock thy heart's deep mystery?
With faltering soul I scan again
The pages of my past career,
Hoping 'gainst hope, that I may find
The record worthy, pure and clear.

Still, if I win thee for my own,
Thy life shall know of no unrest,
The tenderness of all my soul,
Shall fold thee in a blessed rest.
And life, so changeful at the best—
A turbid and a tortuous stream—
Shall be to thee a long, long joy,
An endless, happy, loving dream.

CONCERTS.

CONCERT FOR THE ORPHANS OF CHARLESTON, S. C., AT IRVING HALL.

This Concert, like its predecessor, suffered from the great disaster which occurred on Monday night last, not only in the attendance but also from natural effect upon artists who volunteered for a charitable occasion. Senorita Poch made a mistake in attempting "Il Baccio," transposed so as to fit her vocal means, for such a radical change robs Ardit's best song of its brilliant and taking character. With the cavatina from "Il Trovatore," she was more successful, her upper notes being taken with unusual decision and clearness, while she moderated her accustomed extravagance in vocalization materially. Miss Antonia F. Henne produced a very favorable impression by Mrs. Norton's "O take me back to Switzerland," her soprano being clear and sweet, quite flexible and fairly delivered. The Cavatina she gave rather detracted from that pleasing evidence of her vocal culture being as yet beyond her reach. Signor Mazzolini, on that as on the previous evening, appeared not to be in free command of his voice, in fact, unwell, as might be expected after his alarm of Monday night, his house having been threatened with destruction. He was on both occasions obliged to drive his voice to get tone, and so disabled from that command of color and gracing, light and shade, he really possesses in a remarkable degree. Verdi's "L'Esule," did not give him so fair a chance as the Ballata from *Rigoletto*, although presenting grand points for any tenor who desired to make a reputation.

His presentment of Verdi's "Ballata," was so gracious and masterly that enthusiasm ran high even to repeated calling out, which he, knowing his own distress, refused to recognize beyond deferential recognition. Mr. S. P. Warren's very brief organ solo, afforded him no credit with judges of good organ playing. Mr. Henry Mollenhauer's solo was clever. Miss Toedt's violin solos equalled in critical estimation her best displays upon that instrument and Mr. Joseph Poznanski's piano-forte solos were more acceptable in manner, smoothness, and general accuracy of execution than any performance he yet has given here.

The newly organized Beethoven Manner-choir made a good show with very limited means. Their performance was highly creditable to a choir of sixteen to eighteen voices, and the leader evidently knows what he is about.

SIGNOR FOSSATI'S BENEFIT MATINEE.

The operatic matinee announced by Signor Fossati for Wednesday morning, at Wallack's Theater, and postponed on account of the sickness of Mlle. De Gebele, took place last Friday at 3 o'clock. The house was not crowded, but was well filled by a very fashionable and intelligent audience. The programme consisted of two acts of an unpublished opera, composed by Signor Antonio Barili, called "Una Noche en Sevilla," which was performed entire in Mexico with great success. It would be utterly unfair to pass any judgment upon this work of Signor Barili's from the programme of yesterday. The orchestra was so bad that we can scarcely understand how Mr. Barili could have heard their abominable and disreputable bungling and still keep his seat. Of the overture we can only judge by its subjects in their mere outline—for there was no